> I think that [to] account for an expenditure of $170 to within $.05 not having kept track of it through out is sufficiently sound proof that there isn't much wrong with my "think tank." It is not too full, or not too empty but just on the level as it always was.

While the expenditures themselves might indicate extravagance, Mr. Ross feels that the circumstantiality of their record is a greater indication of sanity. Dr. Stead presented him at a Conference on July 29 1910 as a case of "Hebephrenic Dementia Praecox." He was discharged March 19, 1911.

Mr. Ross describes early stigmatization, abandonment, and blasted hopes -- a great life wasted -- on account of being committed to the Toronto Asylum. On June 19 1910 he wrote a girlfriend, just after Dr. Stead had informed him that he would have to remain in the Asylum for at least another 6 months. He had expected to get out in a few weeks. In his disappointment he feels that "they all know perfectly well that I am a sure cure, that I have much greater self control than any other member of the family." He believes the authorities want "to humiliate and annoy me, and to crush entirely what manly spirit I can still call mine." No doubt he feels crushed. For now at least he feels he cannot bear it and that no "just God" would ask him to. His routine does not seem entirely unpleasant, but the loss of freedom galls him:

> There has been perfectly glorious weather here lately, and I have had a pleasant time playing baseball for an hour each morning and afternoon. Otherwise, I am locked up inside, and am never on any condition outside of my room after 5:30 p.m. or before 10:00 a.m. So, although this is the sort of weather in which one would like to be outside of an evening, yet I am locked in a 12 x 6 room. The same last summer, and to all present appearances, the same for all time, and the Lord only knows what we'll get for eternity.

Even worse than this, according to Mr. Ross, is the neglect, and the consequent sense of having been abandoned by all his "friends":